

# THE MIRROR OF FATE

A VENETIAN LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF THE DOGES.

Story of the Beauty Who Was Intoxicated With the Vision of Her Own Loveliness and the Statue in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore.

Here is a legend which I heard in Venice. I offer it to all among you who are fond of solitude and silence. I offer it to you as I would offer a flower which has blossomed among shadows on a sleeping lagoon.

Glitta Gherardini was the niece of the doge. Poets whose names were forgotten, but who were remembered at that time, had composed innumerable songs in her honor. They praised in them the tresses of the young girl, black as night, in which pearls gleamed like milk white stars. They also sang about the radiance of her dark violet eyes and about the two roses which formed her lips. In truth, Glitta Gherardini was very beautiful. She had, however, listened too earnestly to the passionate words of the singers, and an immense pride took possession of her young soul.

One night she heard beneath her window the yearning sob of a lute. Standing in a moonlight gondola, a lovely page was singing to her. Tender was the music, and the water and the darkness added something to the sweetness of the strains and to the passion in the voice of the singer. The young page was glorifying her as the most radiant among all women.

Glitta heard him, and a delightful tremor ran through her. Without waiting to light the torches, which had gone out, she took her mirror and ran to the window, through which the moonlight shone into her room. Thereupon in this mysterious light she saw that she was strangely beautiful; that her beauty was indeed almost supernatural. The moonlight revealed her pale and transparent skin, like the princess of a poem.

Intoxicated with her charms, she let the seductive mirror slip from her hand, and a sigh of admiration and of ecstasy escaped her as she cried:

"I am beautiful! I am beautiful!"

Thenceforth Glitta Gherardini spent all her time marveling at her own beauty. She did not desire to fall in love, for she fancied that there was no man living who was worthy of her. Those songs which had no words of praise for her eyes and her hair she treated with contempt, and to the mysteries of religion she never gave a thought.

She went to high mass solely for the purpose of being dazzled by the people and of being flattered by them as they whispered to one another about her. The restless eyes were never turned toward the altar.

She thought of nothing save her own triumphant beauty and of the jewels which set it off in sumptuous fashion.

One day Glitta Gherardini slipped a little mirror beside the first page of her mass book, which had been delicately illuminated by a pious artist. And while her attitude of devotion hid the multitude she studied her face enshrined in the book of prayer.

The doge's niece had forgotten that the Creator alone is worthy of worship and not any of his creatures. She had also forgotten that pride is an abominable sin—aye, perhaps the most heinous of all sins—since it was the cause of the rebellion of the archangels and the downfall of Lucifer.

One day Glitta Gherardini was intently studying her face in the little mirror between the holy leaves of her mass book, and suddenly she uttered a loud cry of terror. Through the large building it rang, drowning the solemn voice of the priest, the responses of the congregation and the sonorous murmur of the organ. And straightway the doge's niece fell to the ground in a faint. She had seen reflected in the guilty mirror, the sacrilegious mirror, not her own countenance, but that of Death.

There is today in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, where this miracle was accomplished, the statue of a woman, who is seated and looking at herself in a mirror. Very beautiful is this woman, as beautiful as Glitta Gherardini was formerly. The story goes that this statue is the work of a famous sculptor, but the people believe—and their legends contain a good deal of truth—that it was once Glitta Gherardini herself and that her body was turned into stone by the terrible vision.

To all those who love the silence of dead cities I offer this legend. I found it at Venice as one occasionally finds a flower which has blossomed amid somber shadows on a sleeping lagoon.—Helene de Zuylen de Noyvel in European Edition New York Herald.

## Gambetta and Napoleon's Portrait.

When Gambetta, accompanied by Jules Favre, arrived in the hall of the Hotel de Ville, where he was officially received, he read the proclamation of the French republic, the crowd which followed the two deputies caught sight of a fine portrait of Napoleon III. hanging on a wall. They promptly took it down and were about to smash it to pieces when Gambetta intervened. Turning the portrait to the wall, he said: "My friends, we have put up with the original for twenty years. Let us be content today to turn his face to the wall. It is all he deserves."

## Why, Then?

"Did you finish your shopping today, my dear?" asks the model husband. "Yes, I think so," answers the trusting wife.

"You think so?"

"Yes, I don't know, though. You see, I went to get my hat and there were so many and all of them so pretty that I got five of them."

"Five? Why did you do that?"

"I really—I must have lost my head."

"In that case, why get a hat at all?"—Chicago Tribune.

## Rules for Writers.

Frederick W. Seward said that when he first started in at newspaper work, Thurlow Weed said to him: "I will give you two rules to begin with. First, never write anything without some definite point and purpose; second, when you have written it, take your pen and go over it to see how many words and sentences you can strike out and how much you will thereby improve the article."

## After the Honeymoon.

Ho—We must try to keep up appearances. I suppose you don't want our friends to know that our marriage has been a failure? She—Oh, no, I wouldn't care to have them see that their anticipations have been realized.—New York Press.

## Much as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

# IMPORTANCE OF CARBON.

Without It or Its Equivalent We Could Have No Air to Breathe.

The electric light as now so commonly used is produced by the passage of a powerful electric current between the slightly separated ends of a pair of carbon rods, or carbons, about twelve inches long and from three-eighths to one-half inch in diameter, placed vertically end to end in the lamp. The lamp mechanism is so constructed that when no current is passing the upper carbon, which is always made the positive one, rests upon the lower by the action of gravity, but as soon as the electric current is established the carbons are automatically separated about an eighth of an inch, thus forming a gap of high resistance in the electric circuit, resulting in the production of intense heat. The ends of the carbons are quickly heated to brilliant incandescence, and by the burning action of the air are maintained in the form of blunt points. As the carbons burn away, the lamp mechanism feeds the upper one downward just fast enough to maintain the proper separation.

The carbons are not heated equally, the upper or positive one being much the hotter. A small cup shaped cavity or "crater," ordinarily less than an eighth of an inch in diameter, is formed in its end, the glowing concave surface of which emits the greater part of the total light. In lights of the usual size, something like half a horsepower of energy is concentrated in this little crater, and its temperature is limited only by the vaporization of the carbon.

Carbon being the most refractory substance known, the temperature of the crater is the highest yet produced artificially and ranks next to that of the sun. It is fortunate that nature has provided us with such a substance as carbon, combining, as it does, the highest resistance to heat with the necessary electrical conductivity. Without carbon or an equivalent—and none is known—we could have no air to breathe.—Charles F. Brush in Atlantic.

## STOP IT.

Boasting of what you can do instead of doing it.

Thinking that life is a grind and not worth living.

Exaggerating and making mountains out of molehills.

Talking continually about yourself and your affairs.

Saying unkind things about acquaintances and friends.

Thinking that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by.

Speculating as to what you would do in some one else's place and do your best in your own.

Gazing idly into the future and dreaming about it instead of making the most of the present.

Longing for the good things that others have instead of going to work and earning them for yourself.—Success.

## A Hurricane.

The terrors of the deep were perhaps never more thrillingly set forth than in the description by a young lady who last year made her first trip abroad. She kept a diary, very much, says the New York Herald, like that of Mark Twain, when for seven days he recorded the fact that he "got up, washed and went to breakfast."

There was one important exception. When she crossed the channel the experience was so trying that she felt impelled to describe it.

"I firmly resolved to stay on deck," she wrote, "although the tempest increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could hold up my parasol."

## A Wonderful Memory.

Hortensius, the Roman orator, could repeat word for word a book he had just read. On one occasion he came a wanderer with one Sienna and to win it went to an auction, remained all day and in the evening gave a list of all the articles sold, the prices paid for them and the names of the purchasers. The accuracy of his memory was in this case attested by the auctioneer's clerk, who followed the recapitulation with his book and found that in no case had the man of wonderful memory made a single mistake.

## Manners.

Manners are of more importance than laws. In a great measure the laws depend on them. The law touches us but here and there and now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give their color to our lives. According to their quality they add morals, they supply them or they totally destroy them.—Burke.

## A Bad Recollection.

First Barber—When! That barn-stormer must be a bad actor! Second Ditto—Why? First Barber—When I asked him if he wanted an egg shampoo he jumped right out of the chair and made for the door—Detroit Free Press.

## Bad Either Way.

Mr. Wiseguy—No, I don't want any of those sausages. I'm afraid of trichina. The Butcher—I assure you there's no danger of trichina in these sausages. Mr. Wiseguy—Well, hydrophobia, then. It's just as bad—Cleveland Leader.

## Jenny Lind as a Child.

Jenny Lind as a child of three years was the lark of her parents' house. As a girl of nine she attracted the attention of all lovers of music and entered the Stockholm conservatory as a pupil. Her continuous studies at so tender an age caused the sudden loss of her voice, and for four full years she pursued her theoretical and technical studies, when suddenly the full sweet sounds came back, to the delight, as every one knows, of thousands for many years.

## He Had.

Woman of the House (handing him a plate of cold scraps)—You look like a man who has been better days. Fondry Getts—Yes'm, thankie, I have. There was a time, ma'am, when I would have blushed to hand such a layout as this to a dog.—Chicago Tribune.

## Responsible.

Church Worker—Would you assist us, good sir, to send a missionary to the cannibals? Mr. Grogg—Not much! I'm a vegetarian. But I'll assist you to send them some easily digested cereal—Puck.

## Lived on Water.

The Tramp—I once lived on water, lady, for six months. The Lady—You don't look like it. How did you manage it? The Tramp—I was a sailor.

# LIGHT KILLS THEM.

Strange Fish and Insects That Live in Perpetual Darkness.

The cavern beetle was first discovered some seventy years ago in an Austrian cave, the grotto of Adelsberg. One specimen only was caught, and though its discoverer offered a prize of 45 for another, it was fourteen years before a second was found.

The cavern beetle has a little round body, very long legs and absolutely no eyes at all. Brought out from its gloomy haunts into the light of the sun it dies almost immediately. Yet, in its pitch dark home, far beneath the surface of the earth, it moves with as great rapidity and certainty as any of its eye relatives on the upper soil.

To make up for its lack of sight it is provided with antennae of extraordinary length and delicacy. By means of these it feels its way over the rough surface of the stone and hunts its prey, other smaller blind insects, with great rapidity and absolute certainty.

The cavern beetle has its enemies. The blowfly (a species of scorpion) and the great eyeless spider hunt it remorselessly. Prince Khevenhuller, who thoroughly explored these caves some years ago, describes it as a most extraordinary sight to watch by the light of a candle a scorpion, absolutely eyeless, hunting a beetle, equally blind, along the cavern wall. Although the beetle was several feet in front of the scorpion and divided from it by a fissure in the rock, yet the scorpion tracked it with absolute and almost appalling certainty.

The spider found in these caves is of a lovely ivory white and is able, like other insects which inhabit the same subterranean depths, to run very rapidly and find its way with as positive certainty as if it had eyes and light to use them. Like several of the others, it, too, perishes if taken out of the cave. Sunlight seems to wither and shrivel up these insects just as though they had been placed in front of a hot fire.

Yet, in spite of this fact, it is known that the blind cave creatures are descended from others which originally lived in the light of day.

An ordinary proof of this is that, though no faintest ray marks the difference between day and darkness in the depths they live in, yet it has been ascertained beyond shadow of doubt that those whose ancestors were nocturnal in their habits still prefer to move about during those hours when the surface of the earth is in darkness.

Numbers of different kinds of fish are known to live in the gloomy rivers and lakes which exist in all large caves.

At San Marcos, Tex., borings were recently made to provide a water supply for some new fresh hatcheries. At a depth of 188 feet a great stream of water was struck, which shot up at the rate of 1,200 gallons a minute. With it came thousands of tiny, shrimp-like creatures and also a large number of curious little pale colored reptiles provided with long tails and each having four legs. These tiny monsters were absolutely eyeless. The only trace that they ever possessed such organs are two little black spots above the nostrils.

A similar creature known as the olm inhabits the rivers in the Austrian caves already mentioned. In the depths of the Plannia cave, nearly a mile and a half from the entrance, the olm is most abundant. The waters are fairly alive with them, and when, some years ago, the Archduke Ferdinand paid a visit to this cave a net was let down and a number of the little reptiles caught for his benefit.—London Tit-Bits.

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All 5 cent goods 6 for.....25 "  
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Nice heart lumber per M.....16.00  
No. 1 Timothy hay, per ton.....16.00  
Barrels and covers delivered, 20 cents.  
Lot of goods at and below cost.  
Pump pipe per foot.....12 cents.  
8x10, 12 light windows.....85 "  
8x12,.....90 "

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# Sidney Prince,

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Fee \$55.00 to insure mare in foal.

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This finely bred and fast colt will make season at Farm. Will accept 2 more outside mares.

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## Moko, Jr.

Brown colt, 16 hands, 1,100 lbs., 4 years this Spring. Sired by Moko, (he by Baron Wilkes, 2:18)—sire of Ferno, 2:05; Mabel, 2:01; and 5 other fall brooders to Bump, 2:03 and Baron D., 2:05.

1st dam Rosa Baron, by Earl Baltic, 2:17, (he by Baron Wilkes, 2:18) sire of 4 in 2:30 list.

2nd dam Rosetta, by Axtell, 2:12, sire of 90 in 2:30 list, 5 better than 2:10. Champion 3 year old to high wheel stake.

3rd dam Minuet, by Director, 2:17, sire of 59 better than 2:30, including Director, 2:05; Direct, 2:05; Nathan Straus, 2:04; Direction, 2:08; and grand-sire of such great ones as Direct, 2:03; Direct Hal, 2:04; John A. McKerron, 2:04, etc.

4th dam Pearl, by Hambletonian 10 Pearl is the dam of Spaniard 2:30, and 3 producing sons.

5th dam ————— by American Star 14

The above colt MOKO, JR. will make the season at the farm, limited to 10 mares. We have always given you the best of his breeding—if interested study them. We consider him the strongest, stoutest and most fashionable bred colt in Virginia to-day. The Baron Wilkes family, and especially through his son MOKO, have become to be noted for winning the large colt stakes, as well as trotting out to very low records.

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